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OF THE DAWN

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Meredith College

Founders' Day

FEBRUARY 4, 1938

11 A. M.



ORGAN PRELUDE—Fantasietta with Variations . . . *Dubois*

PROCESSIONAL—Senior Class.

HYMN No. 249—"Faith of Our Fathers."

INVOCATION.

SCRIPTURE.

ANTHEM—"The Snow" *Elgar*
The Meredith Choir

GREETINGS FROM ALUMNAE.

SOLO—"Ave Maria" *Bach-Gounod*
Miss Ethel Rowland with Violin, Piano, and Organ

ADDRESS—"Oliver Larkin Stringfield: Prophet of the Dawn."
—*Dr. B. W. Spilman*

ALMA MATER *Vann*

CHORAL BENEDICTION *Lutkin*

RECESSIONAL—Senior Class.

144491

Founders' Day Address

OLIVER LARKIN STRINGFIELD: PROPHET OF THE DAWN

DR. BERNARD W. SPILMAN

Verily he was a prophet crying in the wilderness. He saw a new day coming in the education of women. He helped mightily to bring the dawn. He lived to see the new day in some of its brilliant splendor. Because he lived and wrought a new and better day is ahead.

Oliver Larkin Stringfield had a goodly ancestral heritage. His great-grandfather was a Virginian of Dutch ancestry. In the eighteenth century he moved to Duplin County, North Carolina, and married a Miss Fellows. They reared six children. John, William, Edward, Elisha, and Joseph were the sons; there was one daughter—Rachel.

One of his sons was Peyton Randolph Stringfield, who was born in 1807. He was a country physician, whose chief interest was to operate a large plantation. He married Susan Jane Jones, daughter of David Jones, many years state senator from New Hanover County.

Into the home came eleven sons and two daughters. Oliver Larkin was next to the youngest child. He was born May 9, 1851. On November 13, 1850, Thomas Meredith died and was buried in the Old City Cemetery at Raleigh. By 1838, with pen and voice, Meredith had for thirteen years pleaded for provision to be made for the adequate education of women. About this same time there was the sound of the going in the mulberry trees in the northeast corner of the state. Chowan College was on the way. In the western part of the state men were awaking to the needs of Christian education—Mars Hill College was soon to come into being.

Another significant fact was that in the House of Representatives of North Carolina sat for the first time a young Scotch Presbyterian minister named Calvin H. Wiley. That year he introduced a bill looking to the creation of the office of State Superintendent of Education and to the making of provision for the education by the State of all the boys and girls of North Carolina. A feeble attempt had been made in this direction in 1840, but it had amounted to very little.

Calvin H. Wiley became the first State Superintendent of Public Education and was the outstanding apostle in this field until 1866, when the General Assembly abolished the office, and came near wrecking the whole movement for public education in the state. The

influence of Calvin H. Wiley permeated every nook and corner of the state. He set forward the cause of public education in a great way.

Young Stringfield grew up on a typical southern plantation. The population of the South consisted of four general classes: the land-owning, slave-owning aristocracy; the white people who owned neither land nor slaves; a great host of slaves and a few free negroes. The Stringfields were among the land-owning, slave-owning group. Young Stringfield's mother taught him early in life that a person should be rated on the basis of character and not on the basis of ownership of property of any kind. To the end of his earthly career this was his philosophy of life.

When he was ten years of age, the War Between the States broke in all its fury. Five of his brothers enlisted, three in the cavalry and two in the infantry. The father volunteered but was not accepted. One of the brothers, David J., was killed in action at Mechanicsville. The other four returned when the war was over.

The father died in 1862. The faithful slaves remained on the farm and carried on the work as best they could. The three sons who joined the cavalry furnished their own horses and rode away to the war. Not a horse nor a mule was left on the place. Old Aunt Kizzie, the faithful negro cook and nurse, cared for things around the house, helping the mother, the two sisters and the little fatherless lad of ten. With oxen and such farming tools as could be had, the negroes cultivated the farm. It was hard living.

Returning from the war, one of the sons, Cal, arrived at home a short time before a section of Sherman's army moving north poured over the plantation. The faithful negroes fled to the nearby swamp, taking Cal's horse, other livestock, and such valuables as they could carry, to hide from the invaders.

Young Oliver Larkin, aged fourteen, stood guard over his mother and sisters. He secured his gun loaded with bird shot and walked out in front of the soldiers. They seized his gun, broke it, and threw it away. The mother came out and made a plea to the officer in charge to leave enough to keep her fatherless children from starving. The officer ordered his men to leave the house. He drew his army pistol and stationing himself on the front porch, gave orders to his men to get out of the house and to leave the plantation.

Thus young Stringfield had a slight sample of faithful, loyal men and women with black faces; he saw a sample of the brutality of war; he caught a sight of a kindhearted, brave gentleman dressed in a Yankee uniform.

A few months immediately after the close of the war things went well. Then came the horrors of reconstruction and with it danger and poverty to the dregs. Hard toil on the farm with the wolf crouching at the door made the years drag slowly.

In March, 1867, Haywood, one of the brothers, went to Wilmington. After returning home, he was quite ill and developed smallpox. He died on March 27. Two days later all the family were vaccinated. But it was too late. The mother, daughter, and three sons, including Oliver Larkin, went down with the dreaded disease. A man who had had smallpox was secured as nurse. During eighteen days he alone cared for the needs of all five of the patients.

J. P. Stringfield, one of the sons, had gotten together all the available family funds and had started to Wilmington to buy goods for the store. During his illness his money disappeared, only enough being left to pay the nurse.

Spring at hand, a crop to be made, the store closed, and no money! What a change. Ten years before there was land in abundance, slaves, and everything needed for comfortable living. Now poverty and grim want lurking close at hand. Verily the young man of sixteen was facing a new civilization.

He saw the ravages of intoxicating liquor and despised it. A friend one day told him that wine was not intoxicating and had a delightful taste. He tried it and became drunk. He was out all night. He came home the next morning, and kneeling, he put his head in his mother's lap and told her the story. She said, "You will never do that again, will you?" Never again did a drop of wine, beer, whisky or of any other intoxicating liquor pass his lips.

One day his Sunday school teacher, Miss Buckie Herring, aunt of the Rev. David Wells Herring, said to him, "Larkin, Jesus loves you and wants to make a man out of you." He went to his mother to talk it over—it was his custom to talk over all important matters with his mother. He gave himself to Jesus and accepted Him as Saviour. He walked sixteen miles to Shiloh Baptist Church and presented himself for membership. He was baptized by the Rev. Columbus Newton.

About the time that he was twenty years of age he met a charming young woman, who was a Roman Catholic. She lent him a remarkably interesting book with strange statements in it. He read it. She lent him another, and he read that. They set him to thinking. He knew a book which was his mother's guide in all matters of religious beliefs and moral conduct. He went to that and searched for himself the New Testament. After a careful study he decided that he preferred Jesus to the Jesuit and had rather follow Paul than the Pope. Never again did he have a moment's doubt as to his religious course. He had his convictions and knew why. He freely granted to every human being the privilege of believing as he wished and of worshiping according to his own best thinking.

On January 31, 1873, his mother went to her heavenly home. He fell on his face and poured out his heart's loneliness to his Heavenly Father. He said, "Lord God, I am fatherless and motherless, home-

less, penniless, and friendless." There came to him an inexpressible longing to tell others of Jesus. He had surrendered to Jesus as Saviour but he had not surrendered to Him as Lord. He was not yet willing for Jesus Christ to use him to tell others of His great love for the lost. He promised that he would give the Lord not only a tenth but a third of his earnings if He would only assign that task to someone else. He continued his work on the farm.

Months later he was plowing in a field two miles from home. He suffered an acute pain in his back. A neighbor picked him up and took him home. While suffering this agonizing pain, he said, "Lord, cure me and I will do your will." The pain left immediately. This incident occurred in the late summer of 1874.

Two things came to him as convictions. First, he must preach, and second, he must prepare himself. He had learned to read and spell; he knew the elements of arithmetic and a little grammar.

He had heard of a little college in a quiet corner of Wake County, sixteen miles north of Raleigh, and about eighty miles from his home. The youth of twenty-three, dressed in an ancient suit of clothes, the crowning glory of which was a somewhat faded blue broadcloth coat, set out to walk to Wake Forest. A trunk was not a necessity. His sisters had carefully wrapped his earthly possessions in a neat bundle. They stood on the front porch with tear-dimmed eyes and watched him go. He walked out of the road and into the forest lest he should look back and lose the grip on himself.

Somewhere on the way he came to a community in which there was a small schoolhouse. The good people in the home where he found shelter for the night asked him to stay a while and teach school. He had never seen a high school.

At that time the curriculum in the public schools consisted of spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, some grammar, and occasionally a touch of geography. Young Stringfield paused on the way and taught school. Being qualified to teach or the formality of an examination for a license were not things to bother one. He boarded among the pupils. After some weeks he set out again on foot for Wake Forest. He had earned a few dollars. He probably purchased a few necessary things in Raleigh and started on his journey sixteen miles to Wake Forest. With his blue broadcloth coat and bundle of belongings he arrived about the middle of January, 1875.

The spring term opened that year on January 15. On the register was the name Oliver Larkin Stringfield, Moore's Creek, New Hanover County. He had two dollars in his pocket and not a dollar in reserve at home.

That spring he studied first Latin, arithmetic, Hart's *Rhetoric*, and spelling. He had a hard time mastering even these elementary subjects. His mind was strong and bright, but it had been years

since he had been in school, and he was near the completion of his twenty-fourth year.

He went to the only hotel in the village. It was operated by Maj. W. W. Dixon. Stringfield told him of his condition and of his longing for an education. Major Dixon told him to stay with him; he could wait for his money. The same story was told to the bursar of the college, and Stringfield was duly installed as a student. He made good.

When the commencement of 1875 was near, there came to the young man a sum of money as if it had been a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky. His sister at home had sold the pet cow for six dollars and sent him the money with which to pay his way home. He swapped his blue coat for a black one, somewhat the worse for wear and much too large.

Summer was at hand. He helped on the farm. He also engaged in two other lines of business. He became a book agent and wandered over the country selling books. He bought cattle on credit and drove them to Wilmington and sold them. He earned enough to pay all he owed Major Dixon and all his college fees.

He decided that he did not care to risk another year at college trying to live on nothing. He remained out of college two years, driving cattle to market, selling books, and working on the farm.

By careful economy he saved \$285, after paying all his obligations. Not wishing to have all his money in his possession in college and knowing nothing of banks, he placed his money with a neighbor who was his friend, and arranged to have him send the money as he needed it. He went to Wake Forest in the late summer of 1877. He never saw a dollar of his money. His friend vanished at the same time the money did, departing to parts unknown and leaving no forwarding address.

In college at the age of twenty-six with no money and inadequate preparation but with a fixed determination to go through Wake Forest College or die along the way! He stuck to it five years. He worked at anything at hand during his college days. He worked during the summers and also borrowed some money. He dropped out of college from June, 1878, which was the end of his first full year in college, and remained out until January, 1879. The spring term of that year he took only two subjects, moral philosophy and Bible.

The next school year, 1879-1880, he carried seven subjects and made good. He had struck his stride and was moving toward his goal. He did not care for mathematics nor for the sciences and took none of the courses offered in these two subjects. He took everything the college offered in Latin, in Greek, in English and related subjects. He took Latin under that master in the Latin language, Dr. Charles E. Taylor. He took Greek under two wizards of the school room, Dr. William Louis Poteat and Dr. William B. Royal.

On June 8, 1882, at the age of thirty-one, after seven years and seven months from the time he first entered college, dressed in a suit of fashionable clothes, with an accumulated debt of \$540 and one of earth's very finest women as a prospective bride, he received his diploma. Receiving diplomas at the same time were nine other men, each of whom has made a distinct contribution to the life of his day and generation. After fifty-six years three of these men yet abide—Henry G. Holding, David Wells Herring, and T. B. Wilder. The other six were E. G. Beckwith, W. J. Ferrell, J. W. Fleetwood, Charles A. Smith, E. E. Hilliard, and W. T. Lewellyn. An interesting sentence tucked away in parentheses at the bottom of the printed program for commencement is this characteristic sentence, "Cited as absent from no duty during the past year, Charles E. Brewer." I add a parenthesis today as follows: "Cited as absent from no duty during the past fifty-six years, Charles E. Brewer." Mr. Stringfield was one of the commencement speakers. Prophetic was his subject, "BIG HEARTS." Through more than fifty years he lived his subject.

In 1881 he was ordained a minister of the gospel, the Ordaining Council being T. H. Pritchard and C. A. Jenkins. Knowing that every dollar which he had during his college career was earned by hard labor or was borrowed, the secretary of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention asked the privilege of paying the expense of his board. With that independence which characterized him all his life, he declined the offer and fought it out to graduation day.

In the summer of 1882 he entered his first pastorate, which consisted of four churches: Mount Vernon, Wake Cross Roads, Poplar Springs, and White Stone. He was also elected principal of a community school at Wakefield.

The same year that Mr. Stringfield entered Wake Forest College the second time, the fall of 1877, a charming young woman, Miss Ellie Beckwith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Beckwith and sister of the Rev. E. G. Beckwith, who was graduated at Wake Forest College in the class of 1882, began teaching mathematics in the Thomasville Female College, of which H. W. Rinehart was president. On September 5, 1882, she gave her hand and heart in marriage to Mr. Stringfield.

She was and is a remarkable woman in many respects. Deeply consecrated, well educated, a genius in the school room, through the long years of married life she gave herself unselfishly to the best things in life. She loved her husband and children with a deep devotion and through the years kept the home fires burning, while her husband was out at the front in the thick of the fight for God and humanity.

There was a little two-room schoolhouse built by interested persons in the community around Wakefield in which to have a neighborhood school. Near was an old stagecoach house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kemp. Mr. and Mrs. Stringfield and a music teacher boarded in this home and taught school.

Mr. Stringfield was an evangelist of rare ability. During all his public ministry he gave a large part of his time to this work. He loved above all things to win people to Jesus Christ. He gave himself almost entirely to his churches and to evangelistic work. Mrs. Stringfield handled the school.

During 1883 they erected a twelve-room residence. Nothing which Mr. Stringfield ever touched remained a mere community affair long. He soon had students from many sections of North Carolina, many of them going out to take leading places in the state and nation. The school building was enlarged, of course, and Wakefield became a real educational center.

Eleven years the school was operated. The cultural and Christian influence abides in the community to this day. A fire of incendiary origin destroyed the school plant in 1893. In November of that year the Stringfield family moved to Raleigh.

Into the home during the years came four sons and three daughters: Preston, Oliver, Lamar, and Vann being the sons, and Mozelle, Bernice, and Miriam, the daughters. It would be interesting to trace the history of these fine sons and daughters, but this is not a biography primarily but a character sketch of the man whose lengthening shadow falls across the campus of Meredith College.

During the latter part of Mr. Stringfield's stay in Wakefield, in connection with his pastorate of rural churches, he accepted the pastorate of the Fayetteville Street Baptist Church in Raleigh, preaching only Sunday nights.

In November, 1893, he left Wakefield and moved to Raleigh to become full-time pastor of this church.

The Baptist State Convention had voted to establish a college for women. The trustees decided to locate it in Raleigh. The college was chartered in 1891 as the Baptist Female University. To secure funds was a slow and tedious task. After several unsuccessful efforts the executive committee elected O. L. Stringfield as financial agent. He entered upon his work in 1894. It was an uphill hard pull for years. The story of his work is a real romance. On September 27, 1899, the Baptist Female University opened its doors. In 1902 he resigned his position and entered the evangelistic field.

In the spring of 1903 he experienced the call of God to go to the mountains and work. He had no human call. He went out as Abram of old. In June, 1903, he arrived in Barnardsville and was kindly received in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Ingle. The people welcomed him gladly and he went to work for the Lord. During a year

and about four months he preached to the good people in and around Barnardsville.

In the fall of 1904 he located in Burnsville, the county seat of Yancey County, where seven years before he had canvassed the county for funds to help in the building of the new college to be established in Raleigh. He held meetings lasting from a week to two weeks in twenty-eight of the Baptist churches in this county and won many to the Lord and won for himself a host of friends.

God called again, and he accepted the pastorate of the West End Baptist Church in Asheville, taking charge May 1, 1906.

Scarcely had he settled there before the school work called again. The South Fork Institute at Maiden elected him as its head. He went there January 1, 1907. Four and one-half years he remained there, Mrs. Stringfield handling the school, while he was pastor of Maiden and Olivet churches, doing evangelistic work as opportunity offered. All his life he had the pastor's heart. The fires of evangelism burned in his soul.

While he was pastor in Asheville in November, 1906, he attended the Baptist State Convention of South Carolina at Spartanburg. One night at eleven o'clock he was invited to speak before the convention. Reluctantly he accepted the invitation. Those who have heard him under like conditions know what took place. He swept that convention off its base.

Hardly had the folk gone home before the trustees of Greenville Female College, Greenville, S. C., invited him to come to South Carolina and lead a movement to add \$100,000 to the funds of the college. Retaining his residence in Maiden, he entered South Carolina and went to work. Furman University had the Rev. E. P. Easterling in the field and everywhere Furman had the right of way.

Stringfield took to his work the same kind of enthusiasm and intelligent leadership which had characterized his work in North Carolina. In two years the amount had been secured, and he had set all the Baptist colleges in the state on the road to a greatly enlarged enrollment.

The year 1910 he gave almost entirely to work in North Carolina for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. He made a success of this work.

Early in 1911 the Rev. C. Lewis Fowler of South Carolina approached Mr. Stringfield with a proposition to join him in establishing near Lancaster, S. C., a great manual training school. A very wealthy man was to donate a large sum and the school was assured a great send-off. These two began their work and for six months solicited funds in the form of notes. When they had a large amount subscribed, the man of vast wealth changed his mind. The notes were all returned and six months of wasted time and no salary were charged to experience.

Then came a proposition from Missouri. There was a Baptist college in that state located in Lexington. The trustees invited Mr. Stringfield and Mr. Lewis to take charge of the college. Mr. Stringfield arrived in Lexington June 26, 1911. Immediately he went to work at the proposition with his usual enthusiasm. In March, 1912, he discovered that conditions had been misunderstood by him. With his family he left Missouri immediately and in a few days was located in Mars Hill, N. C.

He accepted a position with the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, beginning work May 1, 1912. He put in work which counted mightily. His connection with this organization terminated January 1, 1915.

The directors of the Southern Baptist Assembly invited him to take the field and help build Ridgecrest in a large way. He began work February 1, 1915. From Richmond to Tampa he spoke in many churches, doing effective work. He visited Chicago and Louisville, everywhere receiving a welcome and creating a fresh interest in the movement.

A summer school of theology was planned. Teachers from the four theological schools, Louisville, Fort Worth, New Orleans and Macon, Ga., were secured for the faculty.

The school was to open July 17, 1916. On July 16, while the teachers were on the way and others were moving toward Ridgecrest, the most devastating flood ever experienced in western North Carolina occurred directly at Ridgecrest. The flood waters completely washed away the railway tracks and the highway both east and west of Ridgecrest. The property damage was estimated by millions. During some ten days there was no travel of any kind, no mail, no communications by telegraph or telephone. Mr. Stringfield handled the situation in a splendid way.

The bottom seemed to have dropped out. In the fall of 1916 he went to work again in South Carolina. He worked at securing funds for Six-Mile Academy and Edisto Academy. On April 20, 1919, he took up work to help secure funds for Boiling Springs Academy in North Carolina. In a little more than three months he secured for this school more than nine thousand dollars.

January 1, 1920, he became associated with the Rev. J. H. Spaulding in an effort to establish at King's Creek, S. C., a Home for Motherless Children. He wished to have this home officially adopted by the Baptist State Conventions of both North and South Carolina. These bodies did not think the plan wise.

He went to Forest City, N. C., and interested a group of people, and through his efforts there came into existence the Alexander Home.

He spent the year 1923 as pastor of the Baptist Church at Jonesville, S. C.

In 1924, at the age of seventy-three, he retired from the active firing line in the army of the Lord and devoted himself to an occasional evangelistic meeting and an occasional pulpit supply. He spent his time in association with his friends and in a ministry of Bible study and prayer.

FACTORS WHICH MOLDED HIS LIFE

Certain factors touched his life which had a powerful influence on his character. He had a remarkable mother, deeply pious and with an abundance of good common sense.

His two sisters stood loyally by him in his struggles for an education, encouraging and helping him in every way.

His wife stood by him through all the long years. A deeply consecrated Christian in perfect accord with her husband, she kept the home fires burning often when the family income was hardly enough to supply the necessities of life. She supplemented the income by her own work while she cared for the home duties at the same time.

He was born in wealth and lived in luxury. He saw what war was. He hit the bottom and saw the wolf of poverty at the door.

He had a long, hard struggle for an education, having no money and a meager intellectual preparation for college work.

His work as a book agent brought him in contact with people and was a splendid laboratory in which he learned the art of selling his ideas to people.

He came face to face with Roman Catholicism which caused him to make an independent study of the Scriptures for himself and thus to form his own religious opinions after a personal investigation.

He saw in his youth the devastating effects of liquor and was all his life an open, outspoken enemy of the whole liquor business.

OBSTACLES IN HIS PATH

When he was called to lead the movement to establish a college for women, he ran into a whole mountain range of obstacles. First of all, there was a stolid indifference to the education of women by a large number of people. There were in the state some colleges for women, but the general opinion was that boys should be educated and the girls should marry. If a girl could go to school she might marry better, or if she did not marry, she might be in a position to earn a living. There was not a state-supported high school in North Carolina.

The way the college came to be located in Raleigh was a cause of some irritation among the people. When the trustees called for

bids with a view of selecting a location, Durham made a bid about twice the amount of the bid made by Raleigh. For reasons which seemed good to the trustees, the school was located in Raleigh. Of course a heated discussion followed, which made a difficult situation for Mr. Stringfield.

The panic of 1893 was just subsiding when he entered the field. The state was almost entirely rural. Farm products were at rock bottom. Our people had no strong city churches.

Two countercurrents set in which caused Mr. Stringfield to resign his work soon after he started. He was asked by the executive committee to withdraw his resignation, which he did.

The first of these countercurrents was the opening of the State Normal and Industrial Institute at Greensboro. This school was in its second year when Mr. Stringfield entered the field. Many people could see no reason for a school for the Christian education of women when the state had provided a good school for the training of women as teachers.

The other influence was a movement to open Wake Forest College for girls.

The new college had been chartered in 1891. Two splendid men had taken the field to secure funds—Dr. T. E. Skinner and the Rev. J. B. Boone. Both had become discouraged and had surrendered.

CHARACTERISTICS

Physically Mr. Stringfield was tall, slim, and of marvelous physical endurance. His face, which the camera would never reveal as beautiful, was a face in which the radiance from the throne of God glowed continually.

He was at home in any company. The people in the humble, remote hut and the wealthy society people alike welcomed him as a guest.

He saw human need and his great heart went out in genuine sympathy to every underprivileged human being. He fought his hardest battles in behalf of those who had few opportunities in the battle of life. He spent far more on the education of underprivileged boys and girls than he spent on his own seven children. His life was permeated with human friendliness.

He believed as a deep and abiding conviction of his soul that woman was God's masterpiece of creation. His soul abhorred the men who plot by day and by night to drag women from their high places of social purity. How his righteous soul would boil with indignation were he alive today to know that three or four times as many young women are selling liquor over saloon bars as are students in all the colleges and universities in America.

He called aloud from hundreds of platforms that the hope of the world lies in the education of women with Christ at the center of

the educational process. Hundreds of times he said, "Educate a boy and you have an educated man; educate a woman and you have an educated family."

He was a remarkable and a versatile man. Farmer, teacher, preacher, pastor, evangelist, financial agent, administrator—he swept a wide circle of human achievement.

As a public speaker he was absolutely unique. He was the only one of his kind in his day and generation. He could hold an audience as few men could. His influence on the platform or in individual conversation was almost hypnotic. He knew how to win people and influence their thinking.

He had a keen sense of humor, clean and wholesome. He enjoyed a joke on himself even more than one on the other person.

He had a deep and abiding experience of the personal presence of Jesus Christ in his life. To him Jesus was real. Jesus sat on the throne of the universe; he walked with Him by day and by night. This conviction made him an optimist. He dared the impossible and did it.

When the fight was hopeless, he entered the field and put Meredith on the map. Two days before the college was to open he started to Raleigh from Shelby. He wired the Rev. L. R. Pruitt of Charlotte to meet him at the train. When Mr. Stringfield stepped off the train, he collapsed and Mr. Pruitt lifted him into a buggy, took him home, and put him to bed. He was better the next morning and left for Raleigh. Mr. Stringfield lived in the country five miles south of Raleigh. I met him at the train in Raleigh and took him in a carriage to the college building. The girls were already arriving; the college was to open the next day. We put him to bed and called the college physician, Dr. Elizabeth Delia Dixon. All night I sat by his bed. I copy from Mr. Stringfield's journal written in 1924: "I was soon in the infirmary at Meredith. Dr. Dixon Carroll, blessings on her! took charge of me with my dear good friend, B. W. Spilman for my nurse. She and Spilman are two of the most respectable liars I ever saw. I asked them if I had typhoid fever and both of them said *no* with emphasis."

The next day Mr. Carey J. Hunter and I took him in a carriage to Rex Hospital, where he lingered forty-five days and then came back to health. As we left the college grounds, he feebly tried to wave to some girls who were there for this opening day—girls who with tear-dimmed eyes and choking throats looked out the windows as the carriage rolled out of the campus.

The Jordan overflowed its banks that day. There were more girls than there were beds. The trustees immediately bought a large residence next door.

A number of girls had come without enough money to care for them a month. Mr. Stringfield had arranged for them. But he was helpless in the hospital. God always has a way. God's man, John T. Pullen, wealthy banker and deacon in the Fayetteville Street Baptist Church, came to the rescue and took care of the financial needs of these girls. This was in September, 1899.

February 1, 1930, Mr. Stringfield walked slowly along the railway track in Wendell, his home, unaware of an approaching freight train. Absorbed in deep thought, he was struck and killed almost instantly. The whistle was sounded, the brakes applied, but in vain. God called and he went home.

His body found a resting place in Mother Earth. Where is his monument? There is a life-size portrait here in Meredith College. There is a dormitory named for him.

Sir Christopher Wrenn was the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. A visitor in the great cathedral one day asked, "Where is Sir Christopher Wrenn's monument?" To which the guide replied, "If you would see Sir Christopher Wrenn's monument, look around you." So in Meredith College may it be said of Oliver Larkin Stringfield, Prophet of the Dawn.

MEREDITH COLLEGE HONOR ROLL

FIRST SEMESTER, 1937-1938

First Honor Roll

Betsye Adams, Lilesville; Carolyn Andrews, Burlington; Lucile Aycock, Raleigh; Minetta Bartlett, Kinston; Barbara Behrman, Greensboro; Mary Elizabeth Bell, Washington; Lucile Brannan, Smithfield; Evelyn Britt, St. Pauls; Mary Frances Brown, Elizabeth City; Elizabeth Bullard, Raleigh; Marjorie Burrus, Canton; Eva Butler, Whiteville; Helen Virginia Byrd, Bunnlevel; Helen Canaday, Raleigh; Margaret Love Clarke, Monroe, Ga.; Sada Louise Clarke, Severn; Edna Earle Coggins, Inman, S. C.; Louise Conner, Chapel Hill; Carolyn Critcher, Lexington; Mildred Ann Critcher, Lexington; Frieda Culberson, Asheville; Jessie Currin, Henderson; Mamie Louise Daniel, Pleasant Hill; Margie Louise Daniel, Neuse; Kathryn Dickenson, Kinston; Hilda Earp, Selma; Jean Ellis, Marion; Haliburton Emory, Raleigh; Flora Fowler, Tabor City; Mirvine Garrett, Greensboro; Mary Caudle Gavin, Sanford; Margaret Grayson, High Point; Dorothy Green, Danville, Va.; Madeline Hall, Woodsdale; Adelaide Harris, Norwood; Sarah Eunice Hayworth, Asheboro; Carolyn Henderson, Durham; Ernestine Hobgood, Greenville; Evelyn Holyfield, Rockford; Kathleen Jackson, Elizabeth City; Anna Lee Johnson, Apex; Catherine Johnson, Winston-Salem; Ethel Jones, Cary; Helen Jones, Selma; Frances Lanier, Wallace; Jean Lightfoot, Raleigh; Margaret Lee Liles, Shelby; Mary Lucas, Belhaven; Betty Brown MacMillan, Thomasville; Ruth McLean, Bartow, Fla.; Rachel Lee Maness, Troy; Mrs. Esther P. Marshburn, Raleigh; Mary Martin, Lexington; Kathleen Midgett, Elizabeth City; Eunice Outlaw, Zebulon; Carolyn Parker, Florence, S. C.; Frances Pizer, Raleigh; Lillian Poe, Oxford; Rachel Poe, Oxford; Anne Poteat, Chester, Pa.; Anna Elizabeth Powell, Wallace; Nancy Powell, Winston-Salem; Eleanor Rodwell, Norlina; Harriet Rose, Wadesboro; Nina Lou Rustin, Penrose; June Fay Sewell, Seffner, Fla.; Margaret Shepherd, Weldon; Frances Spilman, Greenville; Ethelene Stevens, Raleigh; Mary Montgomery Stewart, Fayetteville; Kate Mills Suiter, Scotland Neck; Frances Tatum, Fayetteville; Betty Thomasson, Danville, Va.; Helen Turner, Newton; Theresa Wall, Winston-Salem; Lillian Watkins, Manson; Charlotte Wester, Henderson; Nell Williams, Goldsboro.

Second Honor Roll

Carolyn Aydlett, Elizabeth City; Elfreda Barker, Blackridge, Va.; Nancy Brewer, Wake Forest; Nannie Margaret Brown, Warrenton; Cora Burns, Goldsboro; Margaret Jane Childs, Lincolnton; Louise

Copeland, Woodland; Mary Virginia Council, Raleigh; Katharine Covington, Thomasville; Annie Elizabeth Coward, Goldsboro; Elizabeth Everett, Greenville; Mary Elizabeth Ferguson, Durham; Agnes Freeman, Winston-Salem; Mary Frances Futrell, Nashville; Iris Rose Gibson, High Point; Nina Elizabeth Gilbert, Benson; Mary Virginia Glenn, Madison; Dorothy Hagler, Gastonia; Huldah Hall, Woodsdale; Virginia Halstead, Kearney, N. J.; Olive Hamrick, Raleigh; Dorothy Horne, Raleigh; Elizabeth Howell, Suffolk, Va.; Sarah Hudson, Knoxville, Tenn.; Katherine Kalmar, Goldsboro; Carolyn Langston, Danville, Va.; Willa Mae Lee, Cary; Evelyn Levine, Estill, S. C.; Rachel Anne Lewis, Middlesex; Mary Lois Overby, Angier; Martha Rasberry, Farmville; Linda Riddle, Raleigh; Catherine Scott, Kinston; Verda Sommerville, Raleigh; Portia Tatum, Fayetteville; Annie Vannoy, North Wilkesboro; Virginia Vaughan, Washington; Virginia Lee Watson, Charleston, W. Va.; Georgia White, High Point; Martha Whitted, Varina; Dorothy Willson, Athens, Tenn.; Mary Clayton Wyche, Hallsboro; Mary Elizabeth York, Cary.

POINTS

<i>No. of Classes per week</i>		<i>Points for first honor</i>		<i>Points for second honor</i>
12	-----	27	-----	22
13	-----	29	-----	24
14	-----	31	-----	26
15	-----	33	-----	28
16	-----	35	-----	30
17	-----	37	-----	32
18	-----	40	-----	34

GRADES

A gives 3 points per semester hour of credit.

B gives 2 points per semester hour of credit.

C gives 1 point per semester hour of credit.

D gives 0 points per semester hour of credit.



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